

The first gallery focuses on Oregon's sandy beaches, which support crabs, shrimps, sea stars, sea pens and sand dollars. The flatfish, whose camouflage abilities are highlighted in a special tank, is one of the stranger creatures on view. As it grows it changes color, its eyes migrate toward one another, and it begins to swim sideways. A central floor-to-ceiling walk-around tank recreates the pier-and-pilings environment found along Newport's Bay Front. Leopard sharks, smelt and tubenouts glide in and out among the piers, barnacles and anemones attach themselves to pilings.

A favorite spot for children (and many adults) is the Touch Pool in the next gallery, called Rocky Shores. Here, under the genial tutelage of aquarium volunteers, visitors can gently stroke starfish and chitons. Smaller tanks contain oddities like the grunt sculpin, which crawls or leaps across rocks with broad, fingerlike fins, the pea sized spiny lump sucker and the decorated war bonnet. An array of delicate anemones wave their pulpy pink, white and purple tentacles in other tanks.

Visitors often gasp in surprise when they enter the Coastal Waters Gallery and see the central moon jellies exhibit. The glass of the oval-shaped tank magnifies these pink, brainless beauties as they gracefully palpitate up toward the top and drift down again. Sea nettles, another jellyfish species, look like aquatic, caramel-colored Art Nouveau lampshades, and the fragile bell jellies resemble tiny transparent light bulbs. For sheer creepiness, on the other hand, nothing compares with the hagfish, coiled like a pale, bloated sausage in its own tank. This repulsive creature covers dead fish with a glaze of slime, swims inside, and proceeds to eat its way out again. A close runner-up in the ugly department is the huge, primitive-looking wolf-eel, which uses its mouthful of buck teeth to crush shellfish.

The circular route of the galleries brings the visitor to the long covered portico near the entrance, beyond which are the outdoor exhibits—four acres of specially constructed caves, cliffs and pools that distinguish this aquarium.

Both aboveground and through underwater viewing windows visitors can watch sea lions, seals, sea otters, octopuses and seabirds. The otters, rescued as infants from the Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska, are the only animals not indigenous to Oregon. They look cuddly and playful, but they're very territorial and aggressive. Cody, the 80-pound male, has smashed the protective glass window on more than one occasion.

Keiko, of course, is now the star attraction, housed in his own state-of-the-art pool, 150 feet long, 75 feet wide and 25 feet deep. Although Keiko did not come to the aquarium to perform, his trainers have devised a series of brain games and high-energy remedial workouts—including breaches, barrel rolls, bows and high-speed swims—to improve his physical abilities and keep him mentally challenged. To the delight of visitors, he also spends a great deal of time at the underwater viewing windows, watching the people watch him.

The Free Willy-Keiko Foundation, which now owns the animal, will make the final decision regarding his release. After Life magazine brought Keiko's plight to the public's attention in 1993 and children around the world bombarded the Warner Brothers Studio with letters demanding to know why "Free Willy" was ailing and still in captivity the studio hired Earth Island Institute, an environmental advocacy group headquartered in San Francisco, to find a facility where the whale—then a ton underweight, with a collapsed dorsal fin and skin lesions—could be rehabilitated.

The institute set up the Free Willy-Keiko Foundation, and Warner Brothers donated \$2 million of the \$7.3 million needed to complete his new pool. The rest of the money, for relocation, veterinary care and pens (such as the 120,000 pounds of fresh-frozen fish Keiko will eat every year), has come from private donations. The goal of the foundation and the Oregon Coast Aquarium is to make Keiko well enough to so that he can eventually be returned to his family pod. Already there are signs that his health is steadily improving, his veterinarian and others at the aquarium say. He is eating nearly twice as much as he did in Mexico City, and because of the change in water chemistry—he now swims in cold fresh seawater instead of warm chlorinated water—he's shed a layer of skin, including patches of lesions near his tail flukes and pectoral flippers.

Dr. Lanny Cornell, his veterinarian, recently stressed, however, that while the initial news is good, "it's a very short time to make long-term predictions about his eventual recovery."

Other factors beside Keiko's health must also be taken into consideration before he can be considered ready for life in the wild. For one thing, each orca pod communicates with its own "dialect" based on geographic location. Keiko can't be released into the Pacific because he wouldn't be able to communicate with the West Coast orcas. Willy had been captured off the coast of Iceland; marine biologists must find his original pod, and it's possible that they may no longer be alive. In the meantime, from underwater viewing windows, visitors now have a chance to see an orca explore an environment that recreates a portion of his natural habitat.

Since Keiko's arrival, Newport, a small coastal town on the north side of Yaquina Bay, has experienced a major tourist boom.

From the aquarium it takes about five minutes to reach the town via the Yaquina Bay Bridge, build in 1932 to 1936 as a W.P.A. project.

South Jetty, the oldest on the West Coast, extends far out into the Pacific, protecting the entrance into the bay. The section of Newport that stretches along Highway 101 is little more than an anonymous-looking strip mall, but a couple of areas still preserve remnants of the old fishing community's crusty past.

Nye Beach, a neighborhood that fronts on the Pacific Ocean just west of Highway 101, is full of the weathered, unpretentious cottages and beach shacks that until recently characterized Newport and most Oregon coastal towns.

The Sylvia Beach Hotel, a former boardinghouse that is now a cozy hotel, is perched above the broad, white-sand beach.

From Highway 101, the road curves down past a Coast Guard station to Bay Boulevard, the main street where Newport's beleaguered fishing industry is still headquartered. The Bay Front, with its assortment of seafood restaurants, is a good place to sample fresh local fish, oysters, shrimp, mussels, crabs, geoducks (pronounced gooey-ducks) and clams. White clam chowder, thick as pudding, is a staple in these parts. More seafood to go can be found, uncooked, at the indoor counters of the bayside canneries and fish-processing plants. In seconds they can clean, crack and package a whole Dungeness crab, one of the sweetest-tasting crustaceans in existence. The Bay Front is the liveliest spot in Newport.

In addition to local craft, antiques, gift and candy shops, there's Mariner Square, with a child-pleasing Ripley's Believe It or Not. Dozens of colorful trawlers still dock at Newport's marina, chugging out to fish for cod, flounder, tuna, shrimp and oysters. But

the recent, federally imposed quotas on salmon and halibut has slowed the town's charter-boat business.

Strolling along the narrow bayside sidewalks, visitors are often surprised to hear the grunting guttural barks of nearby sea lions. There are so many male sea lions in Yaquina Bay that residents call it the Bachelor Club. The females stay in the sea with their young, but the hulking males like to congregate on waterside docks.

The stretch of Highway 101 from Newport to Lincoln City, 22 miles north, is filled with a spectacular array of the saltwater habitats recreated at the aquarium. One of the best areas for viewing coastal wildlife is Yaquina Head, on the northern outskirts of Newport. Here, in the water and on the rocks below Oregon's oldest lighthouse, a gleaming white tower activated in 1873, a raucous assortment of harbor seals, sea lions, cormorants, murrets, puffins and guillemots make their home.

This is also a good spot for whale watching in the wild. If the spring and early summer more than 18,000 gray whales pass by on their seasonal migration from Alaska to Baja California.

Once or twice a year orca whales, such as Keiko, also make their way into Yaquina Bay. After gulping down whatever fish is available—and often a sea lion or two they swim back to the open sea. They bay itself is a thriving oceanic eco-center.

Not only does it support 200 species of birds, but it is so clean that every day at high tide the Oregon Coast Aquarium pumps two million gallons of water directly from the bay into their tanks and another two million into Keiko's pool.

IN TRIBUTE TO JOHN PAUL BOLLMAN

Mr. HATFIELD. Mr. President, today I come to the floor to pay tribute to a great man who has dedicated his life to helping people and families in need. John Paul Bollman has grown up in the small town of Dallas, OR. His family has made funeral service their life's work and as a result, he has helped thousands of people cope with the most difficult loss a family can experience. Over the past 4 decades he has worked tirelessly to help people in need by extending kindness and compassion to acquaintances and strangers alike, each as if they were an old friend. A man of conviction, he is deeply admired by his peers, respected for his principles, and highly regarded as a noteworthy civic leader. Throughout his life he has embodied the true sense of a Christian. He has helped all people, doing so humbly and with great adoration from his community.

John has spent countless hours working for the betterment of the community and has achieved a number of significant accomplishments as a result. Serving on the boards of the local school district, the education service district, the local hospital, along with numerous civic and professional boards, John has dedicated his time to improving the community at all levels. Whether he has taken the time to offer a helping hand, a kind word, or a heartfelt gesture, he is always available for those who need him. He recognizes that people are busy today and don't always

want to invest their time helping in a classroom or teaching a high school student about a business or profession, so John leads by example and hopes that his involvement will encourage others to give of their time as well. He realizes that an opportunity to explore a career path at a young age can make the difference between providing a child an incentive to stay in school and dropping out. For many young people, John has shown them the connection and the importance of receiving a good education.

Over the years, many fortunate people have had a unique opportunity to learn from this man who has made helping others his life's work. Following in the steps of his father, John entered the funeral service in 1960. It was with a great deal of pride, that John welcomed his son Michael into the family business 10 years ago, to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather before him. I share a great fondness for the Bollman family, for it was John's grandfather, Dr. L.A. Bollman that brought me into this world 74 years ago. I have known four generations of this family and have seen the attributes of his father and grandfather in John and have seen them passed on to his children. His daughter Amy worked in my offices in Washington, DC and Oregon and I saw in her the qualities of her father. She, too, is an outstanding role model in her community. We need more people like John Bollman—people willing to give their time and their hearts to help others. Mr. President, I would like to take this opportunity to thank John for his tireless service to those in need and let him know that his selfless dedication to his profession and his community does not go without recognition and appreciation. The town of Dallas, OR and all who know him are both fortunate and blessed. John Paul Bollman embodies the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson in his famous poem entitled Success:

To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded.

TRIBUTE TO NINA H. REEVES

Mr. HEFLIN. Mr. President, my friend Nina Reeves will soon be retiring from her position as youth director of the North Alabama Conference of the United Methodist Church after nearly 50 years. She will be leaving her post in August 1996 after the conference's international peace camp. The official publication of the North Alabama Conference, the Voice, published a tributary interview with Nina in its April issue, saying,

If the North Alabama Conference has an icon, then Nina H. Reeves definitely would

be that person *** From thousands of youth and hundreds of events, the ministry of Nina Reeves stretches from the lives of each youth she has touched throughout the years.

Nina Reeves grew up in Yazoo City, MS and was reared as a Presbyterian. She went on to attend Millsaps College and later graduate school at the University of Alabama, earning a master's degree in physical education and recreation. After working part time for the Wesley Foundation, she joined the North Alabama Conference at the early age of 22. She had planned to be a teacher, but, even though she didn't know that much about the Methodist Church at the time, took the position as youth director at the persistent urging of Brother V.H. Hawkins, who vowed to teach her everything she needed to know. Hawkins had seen her at work leading folk dancing, storytelling, and recreation at a Tuscaloosa Methodist Church. She calls herself the oldest living youth worker.

Each year, Nina has brought a large group of Methodist youth from all over north Alabama to Washington each year. While in the capital, they met with Government leaders to get acquainted with public affairs and the political process. They also visited the United Nations headquarters in New York City. The annual breakfast town meetings with the Alabama congressional delegation at the Capitol complex were truly outstanding and informative. I was always impressed with these young people, since they seemed to have a genuine interest in Government and world affairs. They also tended to be intellectually curious and quite progressive in their thinking, believing that they had the ability to make a real difference in their communities, State, Nation, and world. Nina Reeves deserves much of the credit for instilling these kinds of positive attitudes in the youth to whom she ministered and offered guidance over the years.

I am pleased to commend and congratulate Nina Reeves for her nearly 50 years of service to the Methodist youth of north Alabama. She has been their spiritual guide, their teacher, and their friend. She will be greatly missed, and never really replaced, but her immeasurable contributions and life of service in shaping the leaders of tomorrow will never be forgotten. I wish her all the best as she enters the well-deserved retirement phase of her life.

TRIBUTE TO GRADY LILES

Mr. HEFLIN. Mr. President, Grady Liles, the moving figure behind bringing the NCAA division II national championship game and with it national recognition to the Shoals area of north Alabama, will be honored for his outstanding community leadership on September 5, 1996, at the Florence, AL, Conference Center. He also originated the idea of the Harlon Hill Trophy to honor the top collegiate football player

in division II. It is named after a former University of North Alabama player who went on to star with the Chicago Bears, winning the Jim Thorpe Award in the mid-1950's.

In 1985, Grady helped organize and establish the Shoals National Championship Committee, which made a successful bid to host the NCAA division II football championship game. The nationally televised game has been played in the Shoals for 10 years.

Grady Liles is a native of Florence and was the 1947 golden gloves boxing champion and the 1950 middle-weight champion in the U.S. Marine Corps. In 1957, he helped organize the Florence rescue squad, which was the first volunteer squad in north Alabama. He served as a firefighter for 13 years and was selected Alabama's fireman of the year in 1965. In 1963, he had successfully lobbied for the approval of the State fireman's bill, which regulates and controls the maximum working hours for city firefighters. This bill was the first to help firefighters on a Statewide level.

Grady is a man of many awards. He was named "outstanding young man" by the Jaycees in 1965 and 1967 and that same year was selected for outstanding personalities of the south in 1967. In 1968, he received the Distinguished Service Award after saving the life of an infant who had stopped breathing through mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He was selected Shoals citizen of the year in 1987.

He is a member of the Florence Civitan Club, Shoals Chamber of Commerce, American Legion, Knights of Pythias, and Shrine Club. He is also president of the UNA Sportsman's Club and the National Harlon Hill Award Committee and chairman of the Shoals National Championship Committee.

I am pleased to commend and congratulate Grady Liles for all his energetic boosterism and tireless community leadership. I wish him all the best for a memorable night of honor and roasting on September 5 in Florence.

THE 39TH ANNUAL RED SALTSMAN PICNIC

Mr. FORD. Mr. President, next Monday evening will mark the 39th annual Red Saltsman picnic in Sorgho, KY. For a few hours that evening a little town of less than 100 people will be the hot spot for the evening; host to thousands of people listening to good music, eating barbecue and bringing each other up to date on the latest political happenings.

It's all thanks to the good will of Katherine and Red Saltsman who 39 years ago just wanted to say thanks to the regulars at their restaurant known as the fish house of the south. That little picnic for family and friends just sort of grew.

Now, you'll not only find friends and patrons of Red's restaurant, but politicians beating a path to the picnic as well. They know that if they want to